

In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,  
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.  
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,  
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge  
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,  
That all the Treasons for these eigheteene yeeres  
Complotted, and contrived in this Land,  
Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.  
Further I say, and further will maintaine  
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.  
That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,  
Suggest his loone beleueing aduersaries,  
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,  
Slue'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:  
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,  
(Euen from the tooonglesse cauernes of the earth)  
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:  
And by the glorious worth of my discent,  
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

*King.* How high a pitch his resolution soares:  
*Thomas of Norfolk*, what sayest thou to this?

*Mow.* Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,  
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,  
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,  
How God, and good men, hate so foule a liar.

*King.* *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,  
Were he my brother, nay our kingdoms heyre,  
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;  
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,  
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize  
The vn-rooping firmenesse of my vpright soule.  
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,  
Free speech, and fearlesse, I to thee allow.

*Mow.* Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:  
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,  
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;  
The other part referu'd I by consent,  
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,  
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,  
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:  
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,  
I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)  
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:  
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,  
The honourable Father to my foe,

Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my greued soule:  
But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,  
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd  
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault: as for the rest, appeal'd  
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,  
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,  
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage,  
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,  
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,  
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.

In hast whereof, most heartily I pray  
Your Highnesse to assigne our Trial day.  
*King.* Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:  
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:  
This we prescribe, though no Physician;

Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.  
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,  
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.  
Good Vnckle, let this end where it began,  
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolk; you, your son.  
*Gaunt.* To be a make-peace shall become my age,  
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.  
*King.* And Norfolk, throw downe his.  
*Gaunt.* When *Harris* when? Obedience bids,  
Obediente bids I should not bid agen.

*King.* Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is  
no boote.  
*Mow.* My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,  
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name  
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue  
To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,  
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:  
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood  
Which breath'd this poyson.

*King.* Rage must be withstood:  
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.  
*Mow.* Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,  
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,  
The purest treasure mortall times afford  
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,  
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.  
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,  
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.

Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:  
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.  
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,  
In that I liue; and for that will I die.  
*King.* Cousin, throw downe your gage,  
Do you begin.

*Bul.* Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin,  
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,  
Or with pale beggar-fearre impeach my right  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,  
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;  
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall tear  
The flauish motiue of recanting feare,  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbray*'s face.

*King.* We were not borne to sue, but to command,  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)  
At Couentre, vpon *S. Lamberts* day:  
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate  
The swelling difference of your seeld hate:  
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see  
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalrie.  
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,  
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.*  
*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,  
Doth more sollicite me then your exclamings,  
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.

But since correction lyeth in those hands  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,  
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,  
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

*Dut.* Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?  
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?  
Edwards seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)  
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,  
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:  
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,  
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:

But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,  
One Violl full of Edwards Sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote  
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all vaded  
By Enui's hand, and Murders bloody Axe.

Ab *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,  
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,  
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,  
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.

Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in meane men we intitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:  
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,  
The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

*Gaunt.* Heuens is the quarell: for heuens substitute  
His Deputy appointed in his fight,  
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully  
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift  
An angry arme against his Minister.

*Dut.* Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?  
*Gaunt.* To heauen, the widowes Champion to defence  
*Dut.* Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.

Thou go'st to Couentre, there to behold  
Our Cousine Herford, and fell *Mowbray* fight:  
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,  
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s brest:  
Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,  
Be *Mowbray*'s sinnes so heauy in his bosome,  
That they may breake his foaming Couriers backe,  
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,  
A Caystiffe recreant to my Cousine Herford:  
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife  
With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

*Gaunt.* Sister farewell: I must to Couentre,  
As much good say with thee, as go with mee.  
*Dut.* Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it  
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight: (falls,  
Take my leaue, before I haue begun,  
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother *Edmund* *Torke*.

Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,  
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?  
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit mee.  
Alacke, and what shall good old *Yorke* there see  
But empty lodgings, and vn furnisht walles,  
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntruden stones?

And what heere there for welcom  
Therefore commend me, let him  
To seeke out sorrow, that dwell  
Desolate, desolate will I hence,  
The last leaue of thee, takes my

## Scena Tercia.

*Enter Marshall, and*  
*Mar.* My *L. Aumerle*, is *Har-*  
*Aum.* Yea, at all points, and  
*Mar.* The Duke of Norfolk  
Stayes but the summons of the *A-*  
*Au.* Why then the Champi  
For nothing but his Maiesties a

*Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy*  
*others: Then Mow-*  
*mor, and H*

*Rich.* Marshall, demand of y  
The cause of his arruall heere in  
Aske him his name, and orderly  
To sweare him in the iustice of h  
*Mar.* In Gods name, and th  
And why thou com'st thus knig  
Against what man thou com'st,  
Speake truly on thy knighthoo  
As so defend thee heauen, and

*Mow.* My name is *Tho. M*  
Who hither comes engaged by  
(Which heauen defend a knight  
Both to defend my loyalty and  
To God, my King, and his succ  
Against the Duke of Herford, t  
And by the grace of God, and  
To proue him (in defending of  
A Traitor to my God, my King  
And as I truly fight, defend me

*Tucker: Enter Here*  
*Rich.* Marshall: Aske yon  
Both who he is, and why he co  
Thus placed in habiliments of  
And formerly according to our  
Depose him in the iustice of his

*Mar.* What is thy name? an  
Before King *Richard* in his Roy  
Against whom com'st thou? an  
Speake like a true Knight, so d

*Bul.* *Harry* of Herford, *Lar*  
Am I: who ready heere do star  
To proue by heauens grace, an  
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* L  
That he's a Traitor soule, and  
To God of heauen, King *Richa*  
And as I truly fight, defend me

*Mar.* On paine of death, no  
Or daring hardie as to touch th  
Except the Marshall, and such  
Appointed to direct these faire

*Bul.* Lord Marshall, let me  
And bow my knee before his  
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are li  
That vow a long and weary pil